



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

The Optimist.

It's been kind 'er dark an' lonesome,
An' th' rain a-pourin' down
Covered up th' fields an' medders
An' has flooded out th' town.
But let's thank th' Lord together
As our journey we pursue,
F'r th' clouds is glittin' scattered
An' we see a patch o' blue.

Purty bad, but praise th' Father,
Tain't so bad as might have been.
This ol' world is soaked a plenty,
But it's still worth livin' in.
Lots o' trouble with th' water,
But I guess we'll live it through,
For between th' black clouds flyin'
We can see a patch o' blue.

Ain't no use t' sit a-frettin'
'Cause things seem a-goin' wrong;
Smile an' sing upon your journey
As you daily jog along.
Ain't no use t' trouble trouble
Till ol' trouble troubles you.
Keep your eyes a-lookin' up'ards
An' you'll see a patch o' blue.

Wishing.

"I wish I had Carnegie's money."
"Hump! I wish I could invent a
screen door that wouldn't stick. I'd
make Carnegie's money look like
counterfeit."

Limerick.

There was a young man in Chicago
Who failed in making the law go.
Folled? Not a bit.
On his hands he did spit,
And now he is making the saw go.

Natural.

"I see that the democratic mayor
of Dwight, Ill., has pledged his sup-
port to Roosevelt."
"Yes, but Dwight is a great place for
men who have taken the gold cure."

His Status.

"They tell me Stacksmun is about as
stingy as they make 'em."
"Well, I wouldn't say that about
Stacksmun, but I am of the opinion
that there'll never be any libraries
named after him."

Mr. Hanna.

O, Hanna! Mr. Hanna! Your per-
formance gives us pain.
This marching bravely up the hill,
then marching down again,
Convinces us you're groggy and har-
rassed by fear and doubt
By sundry little set-tos in which John-
son knocked you out.

Its Bad Feature.

Dodge N. Toyle—"Gee, Woody, w'ot
a snap dem flood sufferers is havin'.
De country is a sendin' dem in plenty
o' grub an' dey don't have t' work a
lick."

Wood B. Rich—"Nixey, Dodge, ol'
boy. Jus' tink how dey hez got t'
live f'r so long in sight o' water."

Getting the Time.

Wraggsley—"How long have you
been married, old man?"
Shaggsly—"Let's see, it's about—I
don't remember. How long is it, my
dear?"

Mrs. Shaggsly—"Well, we just paid
off the last installment on our house-
hold goods last week."

Wraggsley—"O, about ready to cele-
brate your golden wedding, eh?"

Of Course.

Gazing fondly at her first born Mrs.
Pelican queried, half to herself, but

loud enough for Papa Pelican to hear:
"What a fine boy. I wonder what
we would better make out of him?"

"A plumber, to be sure," replied
Papa Pelican.

This little historical sketch, there-
fore, gives us the origin of the con-
spicuous feature of the trade.

His Assets.

"Are you quite sure that you have
listed all your property?" asked the
assessor.

After squirming nervously for a few
moments Mr. Gougem N. Skinnem, the
great trust magnate, said:

"Um—er, ahem! Are we required to
list United States senators and fed-
eral judges?"

His Plea.

Everett Wrest—"Please, mum, kin
youse help a poor fellow wo't has lost
his all in de flood?"

Mrs. Nuwed—"Certainly, my poor
man. Here is a lunch. So you are a
victim of the floods, are you?"

Everett Wrest—"Yes, mum. While
I was deliverin' de washin' de flood
came up and purvented me gittin'
back to de house."

Diplomatic.

"Papa, what does this reference
mean?"

"What reference, my boy?"

"Why, here in this paper it says
something about the gray mare be-
ing the better horse."

"It means—um—er, ahem! William,
I never studied those matters much
in my youth. Perhaps you would bet-
ter ask your mother."

However, before William could pro-
pound the question anew Mr. Henry
Peck was attending to some business
at the corner store.

His Defense.

After listening to the discredited
postal employe's case the great lawyer
said:

"I think our defense is perfect."

"What course will you pursue?"
queried the employe.

"It's all very simple. We will mere-
ly throw enough mud at the man
who has given the snap away to cover
him out of sight."

Having a daily newspaper of his
own at this time, the discredited pos-
tal employe was in a positon to fur-
nish considerable mud.

As It Might Have Been.

"Nellie," said the president, laying
aside his wig and carefully brushing
the crumbs from his knickerbockers
as he shoved back from the table,
"this has been a strenuous day for
George."

"How, now?" queried the wife of
the man who became the father of the
country that gave him birth.

"At 5:30 this morning I knocked
Alex Hamilton out in three rounds
with soft gloves. At 6:15 I beat Ham
Fish a game of singleticks. At 7:10
I rode across country eleven miles
and made nineteen hurdles that
stumped all the rest of 'em. At 8:05
I broke three horses to the saddle.
At 8:45 I rebuked a boy who called
me 'George.' At 9:10 I started out for
a walk with Ben Franklin and left
him at the post inside of seventeen
minutes. At 10:20 I shouldered my
gun and took to the woods above
Georgetown and shot forty-six part-
ridges, eleven wild turkeys, seven
deer, two bears, a panther and a
woodchuck. At 11:48 I swam the
river as an appetizer and at 12 m.

I set down and ate chuck from the
tailboard of a conestoga. At 1 p. m.
I put up the foils with Tim Picker-
ing and pinked him twenty-six times
in twenty-seven seconds. At 1:20 I
mounted my favorite horse and rode
down to Mt. Vernon and chopped
down three trees, returning at 3:30.
At 4 I watched a cow lassoing con-
test and handed the prizes to the win-
ners. At 5 I deprived a community of
mail service because an impudent boy
made fun of the postal carrier's wig.
and at 5:11 I decided not to talk on
race suicide because I'm a little shy
on that subject myself. At 6 I tore
out the rear wall of the office and
superintended the erection of a bay
window that will permit me to see
my stables from my desk. At 6:30 I
broke another horse to saddle, and
then came home. Truly it has been
one of the busiest days of my admin-
istration."

"But, George, dear, did you attend
to no public business today?"

"Odds bodkins, woman! Wilt thou
never grasp the subtleties of politics?
Bear in mind that this is only my first
term."

It stated in the caption, this is
"what might have been." Fortunately
for the country it was not.

A Dozen Don'ts.

Don't look a gift automobile in the
repair bill.

Don't forget to cultivate character
in your anxiety to make a reputation.

Don't forget that little duties done
make up the sum of great achieve-
ment.

Don't forget that the place in so-
ciety that money buys is not worth
the price.

Don't depend on luck until you are
willing to have the world know you
are short on pluck.

Don't imagine that because the
world owes you a living it will hunt
you up to pay the bill.

Don't forget that people have a
habit of taking men at their actual
value in utter disregard of the pros-
pectus.

Don't fail to profit by the example
of Peter. He fished all night and
next morning cheerfully admitted that
he did not get a bite.

Don't tell people that you care noth-
ing for what the world thinks about
you. They recognize that your saying
so proves that you do.

Don't let your children read the
love letters you wrote in your youth
if you want them to keep on believ-
ing that you are made out of superior
clay.

Don't forget that the man who is an
expert at selling nothing for some-
thing is quite capable of taking care
of the men who are always looking for
an opportunity to acquire something
for nothing.

Don't waste time in listening to the
advice of those who never follow the
advice they give, for example is bet-
ter than precept and the man who
gives nothing but advice is not en-
titled to a reputation as a philanthrop-
ist. Most advice is cheap, which ex-
plains why it is worthless.

Brain Leaks

Pewity is not piety.

Doubt is the devil's best workman.

Prayer is the wire that carries the
current of hope.

The principle worth living by is
worth dying for.

Only the foolish man expects his
neighbors to believe his fish stories.

Some people never call on the Lord
until after the doors of all others are
closed.

The man who accepts Satan's prom-

ises at par is due to suffer a heavy
discount.

The world judges us by our achieve-
ments; God judges us by the earnest-
ness of our efforts.

If we knew at forty what we
thought we knew at twenty this would
be a wise generation.

Did you ever stop to think of what
a wonderful memory the woman has
who knows where everything is?

The church member who wears a
face long enough to eat oats out of a
churn has yet to learn the first lesson
in Christian living.

Somehow or other the wit of our
own children looks suspiciously like
impudence when exhibited by our
neighbor's children.

The rules of conduct given by rich
men to young aspirants would not be
the rules of rich men if the rich men
had followed them.

The man who says he does not care
what the world thinks of him may
want you to believe it, but he does
not believe it himself.

Did you ever notice that the man
who is most ready to advice others to
"arise with the lark" is usually the
man who will not do it himself?

In order that justice be done it is
high time that some real poet em-
barked in song the virtues of the
cantaloupe. The watermelon long since
received more than its share of notice.

The Modern Way.

When the newspapers announce that
Colonel —, president of a coal or
iron mining trust, has donated \$10,000
or \$20,000 to the endowment fund of
a school, the incident should be con-
sidered in connection with the fact
that thousands of children enter the
mines and foundries when mere babies
and toil like beasts of burden until
they reach maturity. The mine owner
or manufacturer who employs child
labor and then gives the profits aris-
ing to an educational institution and
gets his name printed in the newspa-
pers as a philanthropist ought to
bloom out as a professional humorist.
—St. Joseph Gazette.

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